

By G. D. LESLIE, R.A., Royal 8vo, wide margin, price 12s. 6d.

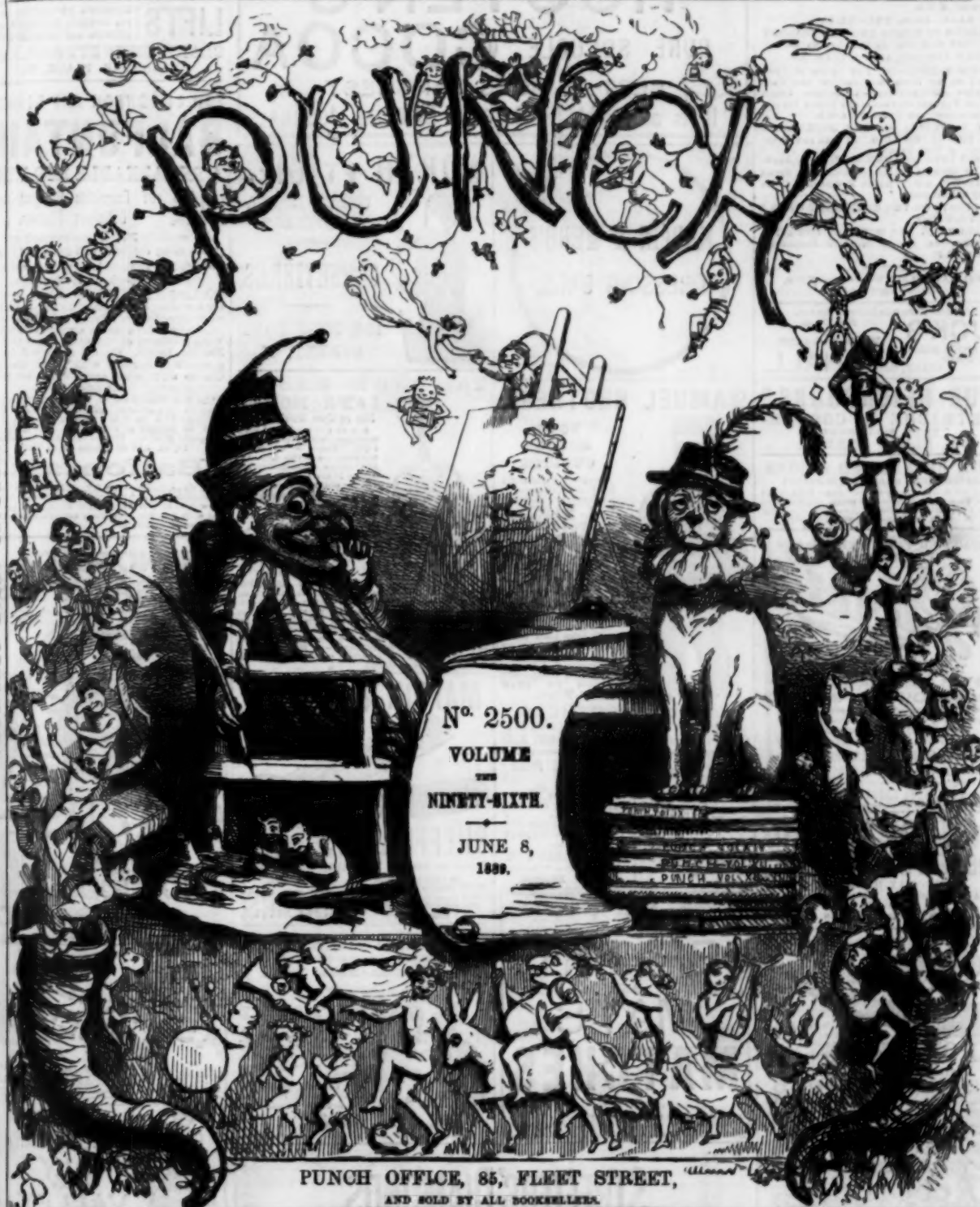
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The Illustrations by the AUTHOR, H. S. MARKS, R.A., BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., and the late FRED. WALKER, A.R.A. (16 full-page on Plate, and the remainder in the Text.)

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BALFONTAIN is especially suitable for Invalids, by reason of its daintiness and easy digestibility. Being Sole Consignees, under very favourable circumstances, the Wine is offered at the exceptional price of 30s. per Dozen. Connoisseurs will find it compare favourably with Burgundies and Clarettes at, in some cases, more than twice the price.

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Mr. CHAS. SANDFORD, F.I.C., F.C.S., City Agent, of Manchester, certifies: "The bouquet and flavor show it to be a Natural Wine of superior quality, and with keeping properties not altogether common to its alcoholic standard."

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SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

President. "SMITH, OUR NOBLE SELVES! QUITE RIGHT TO ADJOURN FOR THE DERBY, DAY!"

ON COMMISSION.

May 28, 29, 30, and 31.—The feature of the week has been the examination and cross-examination of Mr. BIGGAR. Of course, it would be very wrong to comment upon the evidence of the distinguished humorist in question, but I must be permitted to say, that there were many present who expected a scene, when he was called, something like the following:—

Counsel (rising and referring to his brief). Mr. BIGGAR, I think you are a politician?

Witness (rubbing his head). Bedad, Sorr, that am I, as the pig said when he turned himself into bacon! [Roars of laughter.]

Counsel (quietly amused). Never mind the pig for the moment, Mr. BIGGAR.

Witness (quaintly). But begorra, Sorr, if I don't mind the pig, the pig won't mind me! [Renewed laughter.]

Counsel (biting his lip). How long have you been in the House of Commons?

Witness. The House of Commons, is it? (Stroking his nose with his forefinger.) Shure it became the House of un-Commons when I joined it! [Further laughter.]

Counsel (suppressing a smile). Pray be serious, Mr. BIGGAR.

Witness. Serious is it! Look at that, now! How will I be serious? (With a merry twinkle in his eye.) Do ye take me for an ould blind fiddler, who can't rade because it's too dark for him to say! &c., &c., &c. [General merriment.]

I must admit that certainly Mr. BIGGAR did not give his evidence in a manner closely resembling the above. On the other hand, I should be exceedingly loth to assert that his cross-examination was at all like the following:—

Counsel (rising deferentially). I think, Mr. BIGGAR, you have devoted many years of your life to public affairs?

[Every one in Court on the alert for something witty in reply.]

Witness (gravely). Certainly.

Counsel. I do not wish to unduly press you, but can you give me any idea of how many years have been thus devoted?

[The Public smilingly expectant for a bon-mot of unusual brilliancy.]

Witness (solemnly). I cannot say.

Counsel. May we take it that you have been engaged in public affairs for some twenty years or so?

[Audience on the qui vive for the best thing heard during this century.]

Witness (with a sigh). I believe so.

Counsel. I am sure you will credit me, Mr. BIGGAR, when I say that I have no intention of fixing you to dates; but may I take it that those twenty years may be said to extend from 1869 to 1889?

[General anticipation of something waggish beyond parallel.]

Witness (wearily). Probably, &c., &c., &c.

[General somnolence.]

A less important incident of the week was the appearance of Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR (late of the War Office, and now a member of the British Bar) without his wig. On Friday, the Court adjourned until the 18th of June, on the understanding (which, however, was not expressed in terms) that, if necessary, there should be a purely informal interim meeting of both sides on the 5th—at Epsom. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *Mystery of Queen Anne's Gate*, by RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, is a good story in two volumes, for which the author must be praised, as he might have spun it out into three. It would have been better in one volume, as though the story is interesting and the excitement well sustained, yet you can skip handfuls of it at a time—plenty of skipping exercise, and you can give yourself any amount

of rope—and get through the novel easily within a three hours' railway journey. "Alone I did it!"

"EN BON PRINCE."

WRITES OUR PRINCE TO HOWARD VINCENT:—

"I prefer to think you inn'cent Of the mess at the Parade Of the gallant Fire Brigade,

"When the crowd would have been cleared Had you never interfered, And the Medals would have been Graciously bestowed, I ween.

"I forgive and I forget, But, Unt-'Oward VINCENT, let That unlucky Saturday,— 'Twas the twenty-fifth of May,— In your mems be marked, *en noir*, 'Medal and Muddle.' *Au revoir*!"

PETITES BOUCHÉES DE BUSHEY.

"A GOOD play needs no Bushey."

"Off with bonnets! Hat-tention!"

"Light modern Comic Opera I do not despise, as is proved by my engagement of Dorothy—DENE."

FANCY IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT.

(By Don Lunatico Inky Rendo.)



Professor Hair-Comber of Bushey.

"If Miss D. D. makes a great success here, I shall engage her permanently and call this the Deanery."

"JOHN SMITH, I've heard that name before."

"I compose these little things in my Idyl moments."

"I am going to compose an ode to the County in which I dwell."

"I shall call it *Herts, mein Herts*!"

"Hope to give this performance in the Hall of my College, All Souls' Oxford. '*Bene natus*,' I've always enjoyed excellent health. Was born well, and hope to continue so—'*Bene vestitus*,' everyone will come in evening dress; no bonnets or hats, '*Moderate doctus*.'—Mustn't know too much about it. Don't like self-sufficient critics."

H. H., A.R.A., B.A., OXON."

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Tuesday, May 28.—How plucky of Borro to have written *Mefistofels*, after GOUNOD had made such a success with *Faust*. It was almost as if *Mefistofels* were tempting the gifted Composer into a *Mefisto-failure*. If so, *Mephistopheles* was done, not for the first time, and done remarkably well. The impressive prologue was



Mad Maggie frightens Funny Little Faust.

magnificently rendered, Signor NOVARA taking Signor CASTELMARTY's part at short notice, which made "no *vara* great difference" as Miss MCINTYRE observed in her best Scotch McAccent. Why call her "*Mademoiselle*" in the bills? Aibhlin (whatever that may be), but she's a pair and bonnie Scotch lassie, and nae French. She looked charming as Borro's *Marguerite*, who is much more of a genuine *ingénue* than is GOUNOD's girl, and sang superbly. I shall welcome the time when she can rely entirely upon herself, and act her part without keeping one eye on Signor MANCINELLI to see if it's all right. I dare say MANCINELLI likes it: I should, if I were in his place,—and, by the way, if I were in his place, what a row there'd be in the orchestra! Of course, the old musical hands in the orchestra sympathise with her, and yet must wish that she should be out of their leading-strings. Even when she goes as mad as a hatter—as a Straw-hatter—(is this anywhere near the solution as to the origin of this proverbial simile?)—her rule seems to be, "Keep my eye on my MANCINELLI, and my MANCINELLI will pull me through." Madame SCALCHI, is a jovial *Marta*, far too wicked for *Mephistopheles*, who objects to being *Marta*'d in *Martiriony*. Sly humour of Borro's in introducing a little bit of WAGNER, well-played and sung by Signor RINALDINI in true Warbling Wag'ner style, in the First Act. How good that German dance is! It haunts me for days afterwards, and what a contrast is its peasant-like clumsiness to the graceful classical movement of the Grecian Ladies in the Troy Town Act, where the warbling Wag'ner reappears as *Nereus*—just like him—and *Marta* comes out in classical drapery as a lady of the name of *Pantalio* (who was she when she was at home?) who does her best to play nothing on an old harp with damp strings—not a true harp, but a lyre—and sings a charming duet with HELEN MCGREGOR; no, I should say HELEN MCINTYRE of Troy, our sweet *Belle Hélène*, from whom OFFENBACH—again memories expect the song of "*O Belle Venus, quel plaisir trouves-tu?*" "Ah, SCHNEIDER, how you vas!" as RIF VAN JEFFERSON WINKLE used to say. The Opera is not a light one, but it was made heavy by the "waits" between the Acts; especially the Troy Wait. The Broken Scene raised the enthusiasm of the house, and would have restored the spirits—it was full of them—of even the most Broken-hearted Manager, which DRURIOLANUS most decidedly isn't.

Thursday.—An eventful evening for the Cosmopolitan Organising Opera Committee. Irish Tenor with Scotch name was to have played on Italian Opera Stage in German Opera *Lohengrin*. Rather mixed. But poor Signor BARTONI MAC-ARONI GUCKINI unfortunately sprained his ankle, and it didn't come off. By "it," I mean the event. Rather than disappoint the brilliant house assembled to meet him, Signor M'GUCKINI would have been only too pleased to have come on as *Lohengrin* in a Bath-chair drawn by swans, and sung with all the fervour and sweetness of which he is capable. The Organising Committee all for the idea—such a novelty. DRURIOLANUS decided against it. "Bad precedent," said the astute Manager, "for Tenor to come on in Bath-chair." So DAN DEARDY, Junior, took the part at short notice, and acquitted himself as well as the short notice would permit. Audience, following the excellent

example of punctuality set by Their Royal Highnesses, came in early, and stopped till the wobbling property pigeon, a very easy shot for any marksman with half an eye for a penn'orth at the cocoa-nuts, had descended, and all was over with the wicked *Ortrude*, who is perpetually interfering between the Wedding Knight and Madame NORDICA, looking and singing charmingly as Miss Somebody *Elsa*, without



Il Cavaliere Bartoni Mac-aroni Guckini as a Knight of the Bath-chair.

even saying, "Beg pardon, hope I don't do ought rude." Hardly recognised Madame NORDICA in new fair-haired wig, and evidently she looked much taller than last season. Evidently grown rapidly in public opinion. Puir Scotch Lassie MAGGIE MCINTYRE, in a state of Scotch lassie-tude, reclined in the Stalls, and was clearly surprised at finding herself on the wrong side of the Curtain. Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN was radiant after his successful bimetallic deputation, and insisted on explaining to DRURIOLANUS the theory of bimetallicism. DRURIOLANUS, equal to the occasion, comprehended it in a twinkling. "I see," he said, "bicycle thing on two wheels; 'biped,' creature on two

ped: bimetallicism evidently means doubling the prices. Won't do, my boy; won't do. Ta ta!" The MAHDI—FÜRCH-MADI, I should say—in great force as *Ortrude*. Opera magnificently put on the stage; everything first-rate except the property-moulting wobbling pigeon, and the sooner he is put into a property-pie, and seen no more, the better for the finish of *Lohengrin*. Orchestra conducted by MAX-TALINI,—BO. MANCINELLI,—superb. *Vive l'Opéra!*

Saturday.—*Rentrée* of Madame ALBANI. Everybody enraptured. But why the Story of ALFRED and the Cakes, called *La Traviata*? *Alfred*, in this case, could hardly be called ALFRED the Great, and Madame ALBANI had doubtless something to contend against in Signor TALAZAC's curious idea of a lover's passion, and Signor COTOCHI's quaint conception of paternal pathos. But, despite these drawbacks, what a triumph was hers, and how well did *Violetta* deserve the huge bouquets of roses and lilies, orchids and iris, which were presented to her at the close of the First and Second Acts respectively! A brilliant House apparently had eyes and ears for *Violetta* alone, though it certainly did not let her alone when her liquid trills and lovely piano passages fairly brought it down. *Alfred* the Little sang his part in the duet in the Last Act with some sweetness and effect; and Signor COTOCHI's powerful voice would probably please more if his peculiar facial play and manual movements did not quite so strongly convey the idea that he was playing alternately at Dumb Crambo and Forfeits.

Her Majesty's Opposition.—The Session commenced with the *Barbiers*, possibly in the hope that that Opera might save, or rather shave, it from disaster. Signor PADILLA (certainly one of the best *Figaros* of modern times) gives it most valuable support. But as a solitary swallow does not make a summer, a singular celebrity (especially when of the male sex) does not always create a season's success. Fortunately the *Rosina*, Madame GARGANO, and the *Almaviva* of Signor VICINI (who appears vicariously for someone else), are equally good. From the appearance of the House generally, I fancy that Her Majesty's Opposition is not unlikely to secure what may be termed "a good working minority."



"Oh, this is a Gye-ful moment!"

AFTER the ceremony last Saturday, Prince GEORGE of Wales is in full possession of the Liberty of the City of London. He can do whatever he likes. It is GEORGE without the drag on. This freedom is H.R.H.'s hereditary right; so, as a Citizen, he is "free as the heir."

"SIZING."

"Sizing," is nowadays practised by some of the Lancashire millowners to an extent which is neither fair nor reasonable, and is distinctly calculated to injure the reputation of British Cotton-stuffs in the markets of the world."—*Morning Post*.

THIS shows a state of trade extremely rotten:
To Cotton-doctoring *Punch* cannot cotton.
Even JOHN CHINAMAN is scarce so callow
As to be diddled long by flour and tallow.
Shame, Cotton-spinners? On your own confessing,
"Fraudulent sizing" is not "needful dressing."
What constitutes true "shirtings"? Reason halts
When powdered spar, and deliquescent salts,
Magnesium, and calcium, are meant,
To the extent of seventy-five per cent.
A British patriot does not like to think
Of China clay, plus muriate of zinc,
As making up the major part of sheeting;
Or of starch, Epsom Salts, and soda meeting
In cotton-cloth. Who views with temper placid
A blend of curd-soap and carbolic acid,
French chalk and maize, dextrine and Irish moss,
Meeting in "lining" to the buyers' loss;
Or putrid flour, palm-oil, and British gum
Making of honest "stuff" the merest hum?
Punch must be down upon those Cotton-spinners,
Who against British honour are such sinners,
Conspiring in a way, base as unwise,
To lessen England's greatness by her "size."

ANOTHER Rival to the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross.—
VERDI's Grand *Otello* (O!) at the Lyceum in July,
started by M. H. L. MAYER ET CIE.

"That Lovely Night in June!"

(The Fourth at Eton.)

THE QUEEN surveyed the boats. "The Monarch" gay
Pursued "the even ten-oar of its way,"
With its own "Sitter," so called, I'll explain,
Because he "stands" a ten-oar for champagne—
At least he should. I'll write, to music choice,
The Monarch Boat-song for a ten-oar voice.
(Signed) BROCAS *Mr. Laureate, didit.*

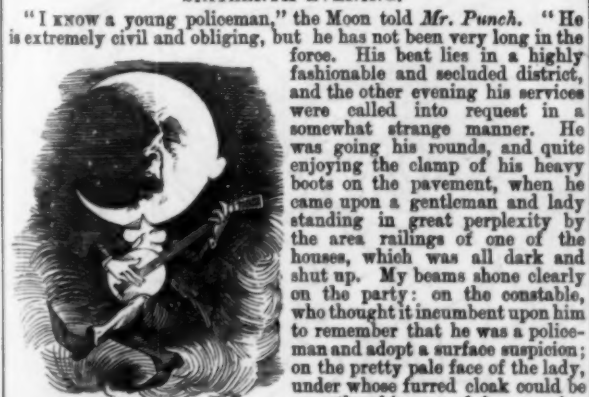


SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

"BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO MARRY HER?"—"BECAUSE I LOVE HER!"
"MY DEAR FELLOW, THAT'S AN EXCUSE—NOT A REASON!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SIXTEENTH EVENING.



"I KNOW a young policeman," the Moon told *Mr. Punch*. "He is extremely civil and obliging, but he has not been very long in the force. His beat lies in a highly fashionable and secluded district, and the other evening his services were called into request in a somewhat strange manner. He was going his rounds, and quite enjoying the clomp of his heavy boots on the pavement, when he came upon a gentleman and lady standing in great perplexity by the area railings of one of the houses, which was all dark and shut up. My beams shone clearly on the party: on the constable, who thought it incumbent upon him to remember that he was a policeman and adopt a surface suspicion; on the pretty pale face of the lady, under whose furred cloak could be seen the shimmer of her evening gown; on the gentleman, who was also in evening dress, and who seemed humorously annoyed at something, as he sought vainly in all his pockets. 'This is pleasant, constable!' he said; 'come out without our latch-key!' The young policeman offered to ring and knock for them, but the lady would not hear of it. 'It would frighten darling LILY so,' she said, 'and the poor child has been so feverish all day.' She had such a sweet voice, and her eyes looked so large and so pathetic in my rays, that the young policeman felt himself becoming less official. 'O Policeman,' she said, 'can't you think of anything? Fancy not to be able to get into one's own house!' 'The policeman reflected for a moment; it was so gratifying to feel that this beautiful lady had such confidence in him that he naturally wished to show that he deserved it. At last he hit upon a

plan. They were painting a house opposite, and the workmen had left their ladders; perhaps, he suggested, if he fetched one, the upper windows might be found to have been left unfastened.

"So the policeman and the gentleman brought the ladder between them, and, curiously enough, the upper window had been left unfastened—which showed that the young constable knew something of the world. And presently I saw the gentleman go up and enter through the window, and then the lovely lady, after pressing a half-crown in the policeman's palm, prepared, with graceful timorousness, to ascend. 'What fun it would be,' I heard her say, with a musical little laugh, 'supposing another policeman saw me now and took me for a burglar!' 'No fear o' that, Ma'am,' he answered, gallantly, 'not when I'm at hand.' Then she went up the ladder, higher and higher, till he could only see a dim grey form aloft, and then the window was cautiously closed, and the house was dark and still once more. The young policeman gazed up at it sentimentally; a light shone in the upper room; he pictured the beautiful mother bending over her sick child's cot, and, reverently and tenderly, he removed the ladder which had been hallowed by her feet.

"Suddenly it occurred to me that the couple who lived in that house were quite middle-aged people, and had no child to be feverish. I remembered now, too, that they had left home that very afternoon on a short visit. Could the lady and gentleman have mistaken the house? I think they must have done so, though it took them nearly an hour to find it out, for it was much later when I next saw them both come out by the little garden at the back, when the gentleman helped the lady over the wall into a side street. He had a bag in his hand, which I had not noticed before, and she seemed to be carrying something under her cloak. I fancy they went out that way because they did not like to trouble that obliging young constable a second time, which was a pity, because, as it happened, he was in front of the house at that very moment. His beat had brought him round there a second time, and he could not help stopping to glance up once more at the windows, where there was no longer any light to be seen. I heard him sigh and hum a little snatch of a song, rather out of tune, as he went clumping on his round, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that there is less human nature in policemen than in other people. And this was a very young policeman, too."



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.

Cathay. House now always takes him good-humouredly; roared in simulated indignation. Above the uproar CAMPBELL'S voice heard shrilly demanding whether PLUNKET was himself "responsible for permitting these fearful creatures to be put up in Westminster Hall?"

Rather a rude question as it stands; but nothing particular meant; only CAMPBELL'S pretty way. PLUNKET came back to table; waited for uproar to subside, then, nodding and smiling pleasantly at Sir GEORGE, said, "I am not responsible for the fearful creatures either in Westminster Hall or in this House."

Bolt went straight home; CAMPBELL wriggled up, nervously nursing his expressive right knee; House roared with delighted laughter; CAMPBELL concluded that, on the whole, had perhaps better not interpose when PLUNKET in the lists.

After this, House prepared itself for another evening with Scotch Members. Adjourned debate on Local Government Bill down as first Order; just when majority of Members were preparing to rush out, and air of resignation stealing over faces of LORD ADVOCATE and RITCHIE, who must needs remain in place, Irish Members burst in; raised debate on LUGGACURRAN EVICTIONS. O'BRIEN'S first appearance since release from prison. Once more face to face with BALFOUR. A striking contrast the two men, gaoler and prisoner; the one fair, *débonnaire*, smiling, reclining with languid grace on the Treasury Bench; the other standing upright with clenched fist, set lips, pale face, flashing eyes, hoarse, passionate voice. Shut up for weeks and months, and now all the long-pent stream of wrath dashed downward like a cataract. BALFOUR bore it pretty well. Talk went on to dinner-time; then Division, and Scotch business began.

Business done.—More Scotch debate.

Tuesday.—TIM'S back again. Been for some time in Ireland attending to his own business. Now comes after nation's. No opportunity for not knowing TIM HEALY is in House when he once puts in an appearance. As GEORGE CURZON says, "his voice is heard through rolling drums, that beat to battle where he stands." Gave HOME SECRETARY a genuine start, by suddenly appealing to SPEAKER on matter of order, touching little dinner-party MATTHEWS gave on Saturday. What TIM really wanted was opportunity of publicly hitting out at ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET, whose name cropped up before Special Commission as having subscribed certain sums of money for dispensation by an energetic searcher after truth. BLENNERHASSET, otherwise of retiring disposition, takes no part in public affairs; TIM longing to give him an Oliver for his Rowland. Difficulty how to do it? Chance unconsciously provided by innocent HOME SECRETARY. Gave customary dinner in honour of QUEEN'S Birthday; invited among other friends the Judges on Special Commission and BLENNERHASSET. Here was TIM'S opportunity. Used it with superb gravity. Called SPEAKER'S attention to fact that, in addition to three Judges, one of the guests was Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET, "a person implicated in the PIGOTT forgeries."

That was what TIM wanted to say. In order to say it, framed question to SPEAKER, as to who had control over House and its precincts? SPEAKER obliged to answer, with equal gravity, that he had no control over gentlemen who came to dinner within precincts of House. TIM much obliged for reply, and business proceeded.

"Wasn't sure at first I could manage it, TONY, dear boy," TIM said, his honest face suffused with satisfaction. "But you see I managed it. Suppose I had got up in my place and said, 'Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET is a person implicated in the PIGOTT forgeries'; there would have been an awful uproar; I should have been out of order; SPEAKER would have been down on me; perhaps I would have been 'named'; and then where would I have been? But, you see, I wrap it up in a question, fire it off accidentally as it were, the boys cheer and the thing's done. Apart from BLENNERHASSET, quite worth while doing to see how frightened MATTHEWS was when I alluded to him. For a bit of real sport, if you know how to manage it, give me the House of Commons."

Business done.—Vote on Account taken.

Thursday.—Since PLUNKET flashed forth his answer to GEORGE CAMPBELL the other night about "fearful creatures" in and out of House, has been a marked tendency on part of Ministers to sparkle at Question Time. HOME SECRETARY tried it to-night with GEORGE CAMPBELL again for subject. It seems that GEORGE, taking his walks abroad, has exclusively enjoyed spectacle of cabs running over citizens. Would appear that, walking down from Southwell

Gardens to Westminster, scarcely a turning at which he did not come upon man, woman, or child under the hoofs of a ruthless cab-horse. Lived in India some time; Juggernaut nothing to it. HOME SECRETARY sits with arms folded, legs crossed, his face suffused with highly cultivated aspect of incredulity.

"Are the police to stand by," CAMPBELL insists, "and see cabs come up and knock persons down without interference or remonstrance? Will the Right Hon. Gentleman take up the subject?"

No human impulse more natural, even in a HOME SECRETARY, than to take up a subject if he accidentally finds it knocked down by a cab at a street corner. But MATTHEWS a lawyer, accustomed to quibbles.

"There is," he replied, "a statute in force. What handle is there, then, for taking up the subject?"

This posed CAMPBELL; not prepared for that way of looking at it. Time might come, if this sort of thing went unchecked, that no father of a family would go out in London streets without first providing himself with a handle by which he might be picked up when knocked down by a cab. That time not yet arrived. HOME SECRETARY, took base advantage; House rudely laughed; CAMPBELL temporarily subsided.

Other answer was from ARTHUR BALFOUR. Questioned as to sale of lands in Ulster by London Companies, he said CHARLES LEWIS had Motion on paper, which referred to subject; when it came on would discuss it.

"But," said CLANCY, "Suppose this Motion never comes on; what does the Right Hon. Gentleman propose to do?"

"When that eventuality occurs," said BALFOUR, "I shall be ready to answer the question."

A pretty answer this, imbued with the spirit of Philosophic Doubt. No one knows whether he quite meant what he said, or whether he accidentally stumbled on this deliciously round-about way of saying he would never answer question. Crowded House sat for a moment puzzled and silent; then there was a titter, ending in a roar of laughter: in which ARTHUR blushing joined.

Business done.—Scotch Local Government Bill read Second Time.

Friday.—Scotch business in the morning, Indian in the evening. The morning and the evening a dull day.

LA VIE À LA ROOSE.

THE art of prolonging life being, of course, a most interesting subject to everybody, Dr. ROBINSON ROOSE who is always "up to date," deals with it in the *Fortnightly* for this month—still ably conducted by the open and frank HARRIS (not DEURIOLENTS of that ilk)—and treats his subject as well as he treats his patients, which is saying a great deal, but not too much. Here are some notes arising out of a careful perusal of his article which may be of use to him on a future occasion, should he resume the subject.

1.—*Question.* Are men or women the longer lived? *Answer.* We have all heard of Old FARM, but never of Old MA. Perhaps one reason is that any allusion to a lady's age is considered impolite.

2.—*Q.* How to prolong life?—*A.* Live above FARM.

3.—*Q.* "Three-score and ten" is "accepted," says Dr. R. R., "pretty generally." Are musicians long-lived?—*A.* Yes, as a rule, because they live after they have completed several scores.

4.—*Q.* Is there any Longevity Association to which we can belong?—*A.* The Eighty Club is the nearest approach to it.

5.—*Q.* Is there anyone now living who was alive four centuries ago?—*A.* Certainly. Four centuries ago were the Middle Ages. A number of middle-aged people still exist. This is a fact which, strangely enough, has escaped the Doctor's notice.

6.—*Q.* The Doctor recounts how one old woman, who never washed, but rubbed her face with lard, lived to 106. What rank in life was she?—*A.* We should say she must have been addressed as "Miladi."

7.—*Q.* The Doctor is against "tricycling" for old men. Why?—*A.* Doctor is wrong here. For an old man who has completed one cycle, to go on to two cycles and up to three, cannot do him any possible harm. He will be a hale and hearty Tricyclinarian.

8.—*Q.* Dr. PARKER is quoted as recommending rice to old persons because of the starch in it. Would not a diet of nice white ties fresh from the washerwoman's do equally as well?—*A.* Yes. The dish could be included in the vegetarian list, and called white artichokers.

9.—*Q.* Rest is absolutely necessary. Can you suggest a form of diet or exercise, or both, which will economise time by including simultaneous rest?—*A.* Certainly. Go to a fishmonger's and take forty winks. As for exercise; quiet games are good, therefore "Go Nap" as often as possible.

Finally, Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Dr. R. R. and repeats *Rip Van Winkle's* salutation, "Here's your health, and your family's, and may you live long and broseber!"

FASHIONS FOR DERBY WEEK.—Handicaps and Foolscaps.



Tim's back.



"WON IN A

MR. PUNCH. "CONGRATULATE YOU, MY LORD! 'NAVAL DEFENCE' W



A CANTER!"

ANCE' WAS BOUND TO WIN;—THE OPPOSITION STABLE WASN'T IN IT!!"

"WON IN A CANTER!"

A COLLOQUY ON THE COURSE AFTER THE GREAT RACE.

SCENE—*The Derby Course in the vicinity of the Judge's Box. The Derby Winner, "Naval Defence," being led away. Crowd closes in, shouting; Mr. Judge Punch descends to congratulate the Owners of the Successful Horse.*

Crowd. Hooray! Hooray!

Sir W. H-re-rt (*aside*). Ah, shout, brave boys! You'd bellow

As blantly for any other fellow
Who owned the Winner.

Mr. M-r-l-y (*drily*).

Even for you, Sir WILLIAM!

Sir W. H-re-rt. Flatter myself in enterprise and skill,
I am

Equal to S-L-SB-RY and his "boy" together.
H-M-LT-N with the crack, and such rare weather,
Couldn't *help* winning; in a real race
I doubt if he'd contrive to get a place.
But, hang it all, their Stable has such luck.

Lord Gr-nt-lle. Sugar-Loaf cut up badly in the ruck.

Sir W. H-re-rt. Only their second string! Look at
Lord S.!

His sorrel face melts sweetly at success

So brilliant—and so easy.

Mr. Judge P-neh (*to Lord S.*). Well, my Lord,

Even a Judge impartial can afford

Congratulations upon such a win.

Naval Defence was certainly well in.

Rather on the small side, perhaps; not quite

The shape and size of one in the first flight

Of equine heroes; still he quite outtrode

Anything that the other jockeys rode;

And romped in every inch a winner.

Lord S-l-sb-ry.

Yes!

Yet we were scarcely cocksure of success.

The horse had not filled out as some expected.

Lord CHARLES, for instance, fancied he detected

Weediness and a slight peacocky action,

Nor did I feel the fullest satisfaction

With H-M-LT-N's peculiar style of riding,

Which sometimes checks a horse at its full striding.

He's not an ARCHER, GEORGE,—but no matter!

Fancy this victory is like to shatter

The other Stable's prospects for the season.

What can they do,—unless they trot out *Treason*?

And he is stale and short of work. Of course

They may possess the great dark Irish horse

They magnify mysteriously. If so,

Let's have him out and see how he can go!

Mr. Judge Punch. *Naval Defence*, my Lord, was bound
to win,

Although he might not carry all your tin

As you suggest, for in the rival Stable

It is no secret there was nothing able

To vanquish him, or even to extend him,

For this race, anyhow.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Fortune befriend him!

As we have done, Lord H-RT-NGT-N and I.

Lord S-l-sb-ry (*bowing*). Our dual providence!

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*aside*). More mockery,

My black-a-vised *Coriolanus*! Well,

We'll see one day who is the bigger swell.

Anon, perhaps your "dual providence"

"Dual Control" may be.

Mr. G-sch-n (*hugging himself*). But for the expense

I rather like this union of Stables.

Our champion anyhow has turned the tables

Upon the Hawarden-cum-Hibernia lot.

GL-DST-NE does look as though he'd caught it hot.

(Which will please JOSEPH.) As for icy P-RN-LI,

His countenance is cheerful as a charnel.

While H-NC-RT like a (burst) captive balloon—

Ha! ha!—seems vastly like descending soon.

Wishes he'd joined us, doubtless.

Lord H-rt-ngt-n.

How they roar,

The swarming cads! E'en racing gets a bore,

Now the *hoi polloi* take such interest in it.

Mr. GL-DST-NE. Crowding all round, I see! But wait a
minute!

Sir W. H-re-rt. A minute?

Mr. GL-DST-NE.

Well, a year, or maybe two.

Sir W. H-re-rt. Oh, years are nothing to a youth like
you;



"Oh no, we never mention her!
Her name is never heard!"

SHE HAD BEEN TO THE STATE BALL—AND HER NAME WAS OMITTED IN EVERY
LIST NEXT MORNING! "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

But I confess that I should like to see
A champion in our stables, my dear G.
Fancy their winning with that three-legged crock!
Whilst JOE, the renegade, can mouth and mock
The bareness of our stalls.

Mr. GL-DST-NE.

Ah, you must school

Your soul to patience, WILLIAM mine. *Home Rule*

Is not so out of it as some suppose;

He'll "come again" to G-SCH-N's shame—and JOE's.

Sir W. H-re-rt. Evergreen Hopeful!

Mr. M-r-l-y.

But, by Jove, he's right;

Though "aged," he will beat them out of sight,

These cocky "three year olds," before he's done.

Lord R. Ch-rch-H. By Jove, the Stable's having lots of fun.

Naval Defence has brought them fame and pelf.

I almost wish I'd backed the brute myself!

Lord C. B-r-sf-rd. What did I tell you, RANDOM? "Back the Favourite!"

Although the Stable did not quite behave aright,

According to my notion. Only fault

I find with them is that they seemed to halt.

The crack was bound to win, if they would run him.

But I maintain they should have had more on him! [*Left arguing.*]

All the Difference.

WHETHER women shall, or shall not, have the Parliamentary Suffrage, is regarded as "a burning question;" whether they should, or should not, have more than threepence for lining a pair of trousers, making nine buttonholes, and sewing on nine buttons, is not—save by the poor souls who toil night and day for that pitiful pay. Well, this button business may not be "a burning question"—yet; but it is certainly a "burning shame."

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Is it an Apey thought to have a Monkey Show? Should the London public be disappointed, its monkey would be up, and the Alexandras would suffer. On Sunday, if fine, the Apes might be shown Monkey Island, or, by the kind permission of the noble owner, taken for a treat to Apethorpe.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 70.



MR. ROSEBERY TAKES THE MEMBERS OF THE L.C.C. DOWN TO THE DERBY.



FELINE AMENITIES.

Proud Mother (piqued that her Child's advances meet with no response from Fair Stranger). "WHY, BABY DEAR, THAT'S NOT YOUR GRANDMA!"

ROBERT ON THE DARBY.

AH, there was a time when I looked forward for the Darby for weeks to come as one of the grandest days of the hole year, and now, strange to say, I'm not a going. And why? Well, for several reasons. In the first place I don't like the downs as I used to. I remember thinking last year that it was about the stickiest place when wet and the dustiest place when dry as 'ever I seed. I didn't remember as I used to care much about them little suckumstances years ago, but I spose as we gits more partickler the more older we grows. In the second place,—which by-the-by is ginerally where my favorit horse finds himself at the hend of the race—I had sitch a dose of bad luck last year that I was afeard of repeating it. I didn't care about telling my sad tail at the time, coz I finds as one never gits no simpaty on sitch sad occasions but rayther plenty of charl and plenty of reticule, but as it's now a hole year ago, I plucks up my courage and speaks out like a man.

Well then, I had larst year, thro a sporting frend of mine, the werry stratest of strate tips, and, what's remarkable strange, it come off all rite. I lade no less than one golden suvverain to three on the favorit and another golden suvverain to six on another favorit, and my fust favorit won and the second lost, so I was the appy winner of two pound sterling. So in the pride of my art I took off BROWN to Mr. CARLEBS'S Dinner Booth and stood treat to a helegant repast of cold foul, and am, and sallad, and beer, and thorowly we both enjoyed it, speahally me with my winnins a gingling in my pocket, as it were. We then, set off to find my 2 betting-book makers, and there was my winning better in his usual place, and he smiled as he seed me a passing by, and said, "Better luck next time, Sir; you can't allus win." To which I replied in my off-and-manner, "Oh, suttlenly not." Thinking to myself, "Ah, he little nose wot a stroke of luck I've had!"

Presently I cums to my other betting book-maker's place—but "Oh what a site met my view!" as the poet says. There had evidently been some little misunderstandin, for the hole place was a perfeck reck! On inquiring of a werry remarkabel savage-looking Gent a standing by, what it all meant, he told me the werry startling intelligence that the book-maker with who I had made my large winning-bet having lost a great deal more money than he cood pomeerly pay, had been convicted of being a mere swindling Welch-

man, insted of 'a honest Englishman, as ewerybody had thoert him to be, and so had bin chivied off the Course by a angry mob of his customers, who all discovered as they was all rayther large loosers, insted of werry large winners, as they had all fondly hoped as they was! Wot a dishcovery for a poor Waiter, who, after going through all the hagony of the previous two ours, and all the dredful excitement of the aoshal five minets, finds himself proclaimed by the Humpire as a prow winner, and then, when he cums for his farely won money, insted of receiving back his one golden suvverain as he had laid, and his three golden suvverains as he had won, finds himself defrauded of all four by a swindling Welshman, and has to seek his disconsolate home a looser of two pounds sterling, insted of a winner of the same respectabel sum. I don't beleave as all Welshmen can be alike in this respect, for it does so happen as my own Mother was wun, and in course she produced me, which is a pritty good proof of what I says, for I am not ony puseonally the werry Sole of Honner, but I regards cheating with the werry heels of contempt.

I took care to keep my true story a secret larst year, being rayther ashamed of it, if the plane truth must be spoke; but as the Poet says, "Distance takes the sting from out the view," and my experience may prove a holesome warning to other Noble Sportemen, like myself, and then my four lovely golden suvverains will not have been altogether lost in wane; though I suttlenly do hope as the werry next xampel will be kindly purwid by sum one jest a leetle more abel to afford that sumwhat xpensive luxury, than a mere umbel Waiter, tho' he does happen for to be a Hed 'un.

It must be a werry nice thing for to be abel to set a good xampel, and to be werry libral to the Pore, and setterer, when you has plenty of money, thowands and thowands a year, and don't miss it. It's sumthink like a werry old Gent a being werry wirtuous, or a werry ugly old Maid being werry ditto. I remembers when I was at our Parish Skool I used to be often kaned for bad spellin, but then our Caning Master had bin at it all his life, and cood spell amost ewery-think, so how cood he xpect me to spell like him, and the nateral consequens was as I never quite suckceeded in being a remarkabel good speller, tho of coarse I've greatly himproved sence then, and after all I don't kno, so long as people knos what you means, as it's of werry much consequens how you spells it.

ROBERT.

POLICE MOTTO.—The "Monro" Doctrine.—"No Cards."

"LE CRICQUETTE."

How he will be played—shortly.

MONSIEUR, *Offices of the Athletic Congress, Paris.*
I am overwhelmed with my gratitude to you and to the generous dignitaries, the Chancellors of your Universities, the Heads of your great Public Seminaries and the Principal of your renowned



Mary-le-bone College Club for the information they have given me concerning "Le Cricquette," your unique National game, and I thank you in the name of my Committee for your present of implements,—*les wickettes, le boule de canon, les gros bois* (the batsman's weapons), *le cuirasse pour les jambes de Longstoppe*, and other necessities for the dangers of the contest that you have so kindly forwarded for our inspection. But most of all are we indebted to you for sending over a 'ome team of your brave professionals to play the match against our Parisian "onses," for you rightly conjectured that by our experience of the formidable game in action, we should be able to judge of its risks and dangers, and after mature investigation be able so to revise and ameliorate the manner of its playing as to bring it into harmony with the taste and feeling of the athletic ambition of the rising generation of our young France.

A Match has taken place as you will see by "Le Score" subjoined, which I enclose for your inspection. It was not without its fruits. It disclosed to us, as you will remark, by referring to "Le Score" very practically the dangerous, and I must add, the murderous capabilities that "Le Cricquette" manifestly possesses. Our Revising Committee has already the matter in hand, and when their report is fully drawn up, I shall have much satisfaction in forwarding it to you. Meantime, I may say, that the substitution of a light large ball of silk, or some other soft material for the deadly "boule de canon" as used by your countrymen, has been decided upon as absolutely necessary to deprive the game of barbarism, and harmonise it with the instincts which Modern and Republican France associates with the pursuit of a harmless pastime. *Les wickettes*, as being too small for the Bowlsman to reach them, should be raised to six feet high, and the Umpire, a grave anomaly in a game cherished by a liberty-loving people, should be instantly suppressed. The "overre" too, should consist of sixteen balls. But this and many other matters are under the consideration of the Committee. I now, subjoin "Le Score" I mentioned, a brief perusal of it will show you what excellent grounds the Committee have for making the humanising alterations at which I have hinted.

ALL FRANCE V. AN ENGLISH 'OME-TEAM.

ALL FRANCE.

- M. DE BOISSY (struck with murderous force on the front of his forehead by the *boule de canon*, and obliged to retire), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
M. NAUDIN (hit on his fingers, which are pinched blue with the *boule de canon*, and incapacitated), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
Le Marquis de CARQUEL (receives a blow from the *boule de canon* on the front bone of his leg, and is compelled to relinquish the contest), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
M. BUSSON (receives a severe contusion of the cheek-bone from the *boule de canon*, which is delivered with murderous intent by a swift "round-and-bowlsman"), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
Le General GREX (hits his three *wickettes* into the air, in a daring attempt to stop the *boule de canon* with his batsman's club), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
Le Duc de SEPTFACES (has his *pince-nez* shattered to atoms by the *boule de canon*, and, being unable to see, withdraws from the "innings"), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
M. CARILLON, M. le Docteur GIROFLÉ, Le Professeur d'Equitation (all the three being given, in turn, "out, legs in front of the *wickette*," leave the ground to arrange a duel with the Umpire), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
M. de MONTMORENCY (on reaching the *wickette* and seeing the terrible approach of the *boule de canon*, has a shivering fit which obliges him to sit down), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
M. JOLIBOIS, coming in last, triumphantly avoids the "overre," and is, in consequence, not out.

THE ENGLISH 'OME-TEAM.

JONES-JOHNSON, not out	3276
BROWN-SMITH, not out	3055

So the game stood at the end of the fifth day, when, spite all the efforts of "All France," even to the putting on of three "Bowlsman" at once, it was found impossible to take even one of the "Ome-team" *wickettes*. Yet the contest was maintained by the "Out-side" with

a wonderful heroism and *élan*, for though by degrees, in nobly attempting to stop the flight of the *boule de canon* as it sped on its murderous course, driven by the furious and savage blows of the batsmen in all directions over the field, the fieldsmen, one by one, struck in the arms, legs, head, and back, began to grow feeble under their unceasing blows and contusions, still one and all from the "Long-leg-off" to the indomitable "Longstoppe," faced the dangers of their situation with a proud smile, indicative of the noble calm of an admirable spirit. So, Monsieur, the game, which was not finished, and which, in consequence, the Umpire, with a chivalrous generosity, announced as "drawn," came to its conclusion. You will understand, from the perusal of the above, the direction in which my Committee will be likely to modify the rules of the game, and simplify the apparatus for playing it, so as to give your "Cricquette" a chance of finding itself permanently acclimated in this country.

Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

THE SECRETARY OF THE PARIS ATHLETIC CONGRESS.

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 27th.—It is with regret that I find myself once more in the Council Chamber, where I have listened to so many dreary debates. I had hoped that I should have been able to give the London County Councillors a long rest. But Fate, represented by that distinguished warrior, Colonel HOWARD VINCENT (late Lieut. Royal Welsh Fusiliers), has decided against it. There is a large assembly present, all more or less politely thirsting for the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant's blood. I regret to say that the hero does not look very heroic. He is dressed in *mufti*, which is unnecessary, as he might have made quite an effective costume out of his (so to speak) Official Wardrobe. Surely he could have found in it a Barrister's wig, a Fusilier's bearskin, a Berkshire Militiaman's sword-belt and sash, a Constable's staff, a Central London Ranger's overalls, a Queen's Westminster pair of gaiters, and the Mess jacket and vest (now, perhaps, a trifle small) of a Sandhurst Cadet. Over this tasty combination-uniform the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant might have worn his badge of the Bath, in addition to the stars proper to a Knight of the Crown of Italy and the German Crown. As it is, the hero, in spite of the extreme intelligence which habitually characterises his highly intellectual features, seems a trifle insignificant. "Mister" ROSEBERRY, whose wrongs are too deep for words—has he not wandered about, looking unsuccessfully for fire-engines, and the Prince and Princess of WALES on the previous Saturday?—coldly calls upon the Colonel-Lieutenant to rise in his place.

Then the hero makes a statement, which clearly proves that he does not know—in spite of his career at Sandhurst, his service in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, his appointment to the Royal Berkshire Militia, his command in the Rangers and Queen's Westminsters, his call to the Bar, his Directorship of Criminal Investigations, and his entrance to the Paris *Faculté de Droit*—how to occupy ground to keep a space clear for the manoeuvring of troops. Immediately the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant sits down, Sir WALTER DE SOUZA (a gentleman who, according to *Dod*, was knighted in recognition of his charity), moves a vote of censure, which is seconded "with pleasure," by WHITELEY'S Rival, Mr. BARKER. Then, after some eloquence that appropriately may be styled ROTTON, Mr. PROBYN (Captain and chemist) rushes to the assistance of his chief, and explains, in tones of thunder, what happened in his "immediate front." Upon this Mr. BOULNOIS (practically "the Pride of Marylebone and its Neighbourhood") moves that the Council shall proceed to the next business. A division follows, and the numbers are equal. "Mister" ROSEBERRY is asked to give a casting vote, but possibly remembering a walk through a crowd of roughs with two little children in kilts on either side of him, promptly refuses. Then comes a division, and the Colonel-Lieutenant, by a Majority of five, is "saved—saved—saved" from censure!

Upon this, Earl COMPTON (who I fear the Patriot BURNS would not consider on this occasion quite so unbloated as usual) asks whether the Council intends to apologise to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES. This is too much for the refined and popular Representative of Battersea and Clapham, who, in silvery accents, intimates his intention, if such a resolution be put, of moving an amendment to it. But "Mister" ROSEBERRY interposes, and declares the incident at an end. It being now decided that the gallant, learned, and Foreign-Knightly Colonel-Lieutenant is not (at any rate for the moment) to be either executed on Tower Hill, or confined in the deepest dungeon beneath the Castle's moat, the proceedings became comparatively uninteresting. So I leave the County Councillors to their own devices (which, by the way, include a design for the Common Seal, which has merited "Mister" ROSEBERRY'S recommendation) until their labours are suspended for a season by the approach of the Whitsuntide Recess.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. V.—THE AMATORY EPISODIC.

THE history of a Singer's latest love—whether fortunate or otherwise—will always command the interest and attention of a Music-Hall audience. Our example, which is founded upon the very best precedents, derives an additional piquancy from the social position of the beloved object. Cultivated readers are requested not to shudder at the rhymes. *Mr. Punch's* Poet does them deliberately and in cold blood, being convinced that without these somewhat daring concords, no ditty would have the slightest chance of satisfying the great ear of the Music-Hall public.

The title of the Song is:—

MASHED BY A MARCHIONESS.

The Singer should come on correctly and tastefully attired in a suit of loud dittoes, a startling tie, and a white "pot" hat—the orthodox costume (on the Music-Hall stage) of a middle-class seaman suffering from love-sickness. The air should be of the conventional jog-trot and jingle order, chastened by a sentimental melancholy.

I've lately gone and lost my 'art—and where you'll never guess—I'm regularly mashed upon a lovely Marchioness!

'Twas at a Fancy Fair we met, inside the Albert 'All;
So affable she smiled at me as I came near her stall!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behaviour!

She'd an Uncle an Earl, and a Dook for her Pa—
Still there was no starchiness in that fair Marchioness,
As she stood at her stall in the Fancy Bazaar!

At titles and distinctions once I'd ignorantly scoff,
As if no bond could be betwixt the Tradesman and the Toff!
I held with those who'd do away with difference in ranks—
But that was all before I met the Marchioness of MANX!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

A Home was being started by some kind aristo-crats,
For orphan kittens, born of poor, but well-connected, cats;
And of the swells who planned a *Fête* this object to assist,
The Marchioness of MANX's name stood foremost on the list.

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

I never saw a smarter hand at serving in a shop,
For every likely customer she caught upon the 'op!
And from the form her Ladyship displayed at that Bazaar,
(*With enthusiasm*)—You might have took your oath she'd been
brought up behind a bar!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

In vain I tried to kid her that my purse had been forgot,
She spotted me in 'alf a jiff, and chaffed me precious hot!
A sov. for one regalar she gammoned me to spend.
"You really can't refuse," she said, "I've bitten off the end!"

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

"Do buy my crewel-work," she urged, "it goes across a chair,
You'll find it come in useful, as I see you 'ile your 'air!"
So I 'anded over thirty bob, though not a coiny bloke.
I couldn't tell a Marchioness how nearly I was broke!

*Spoken—*Though I *did* take the liberty of saying: "Make it fifteen bob, my Lady!" But she said, with such a fascinating look—I can see it yet!—"Oh, I'm sure you're not a 'agging kind of a man," she says, "you haven't the face for it. And think of all them pore fatherless kittings," she says; "think what thirty bob means to them!" says she, glancing up so pitiful and tender under her long eyelashes at me. Ah, the Radicals may talk as they like, but—

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

A raffle was the next concern I put my rhino in:
The prize a talking parrot, which I didn't want to win.
Then her sister, Lady TANBY, showed a painted milking stool,
And I bought it—though it's not a thing I sit on as a rule.

*Spoken—*Not but what it was a handsome article in its way, too,—had a snow-scene with a sunset done in oil on it. "It will look lovely in your chambers," says the Marchioness: "it was ever so much admired at Catterwall Castle!" It didn't look so bad in my three-pair back, I must say, though unfortunately the sunset came off on me the very first time I happened to set down on it. Still think of the condescension of painting such a thing at all!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

The Marquis kept a-fidgeting and frowning at his wife,
For she talked to me as free as if she'd known me all my life!
I felt that I was in the swim, so wasn't over-awed,
But 'ung about and spent my cash as lavish as a lord!

*Spoken—*It was worth all the money, I can tell you, to be chatting there across the counter with a real live Marchioness for as long as ever my funds would 'old out. They'd have held out much longer, only the Marchioness made it a rule never to give change—she

couldn't break it, she said, not even for me. I wish I could give you an idea of how she smiled as she made that remark; for the fact is, when an aristocrat does unbend—well,—

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

Next time I meet the Marchioness a-riding in the Row,
I'll ketch her eye and raise my 'at, and up to her I'll go.
(*With sentiment*)—And tell her next my 'art I keep the stump of
She sold me on the 'appy day we 'ad at her Bazaar! [that cigar
*Spoken—*And she'll be pleased to see me again, I know! She's
not one of your stuck-up sort; don't you make no mistake about it,
the aristocracy ain't 'alf as bloated as people imagine who don't know
'em. Whenever I hear parties running 'em down, I always say:—
Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behaviour, &c.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN AT WEST KENSINGTON.

LEAVING the Sunny South, where the chesnut-trees blossom, and the Alhambra, with its thousand lights, bounding brothers and brilliant signoritas playing on their gay cigarettes, basks in the golden land of Leicester El Square, I came to West Kensington. I had been asked—*O nommo del tobacco!*—to be present at the inauguration of the Spanish Exhibition. Had I my wish, I would have preferred to have watched *Toreador* as, singing on the boards of a *Theatro el Gusarrioso*, he expressed his Italian *contento*. But, out of a feeling of haughty nationality—for we sons of the due South are as proud as the eagles who peek at our sherry-giving grapes—I thought it my duty to support the great show of the products of my native land. I was greeted at the Welcome Club (an Institution that reminded me not a little of Madrid and Barcelona, combined with a dash of El Dorado, and summits of the merry Pyrenees), and was regaled with some of the



dishes of my own dear land. Many of these were accompanied by a vegetable called *El potato*, which I found to be simply excellent. But enough of this. Let me paint a picture of the great Spanish Exhibition—a picture that has never had its equal.

Imagine an enormous Arcade filled with every possible production of Spain. Imagine thousands and thousands of gaily decked booths erected for the sole purpose of exploiting the merits of Spanish Liquorice. Imagine again thousands and thousands of beautiful counters groaning under the weight of a wealth of Spanish onions—onions so good, so strong, that they draw tears from the eyes of myriads of pleasure-seekers! Imagine tambourines, and tomatoes, and olives! Imagine all this, and you still have but the faintest impression of the real contents of the Spanish Exhibition.

Imagine a fleet of Spanish boats, that would create surprise even on the silvery bosom of the gentle Guadalquivir. Imagine an enormous magazine of arms, with blades from Toledo, and old armour from the stores of the street known as El Wardour. Imagine once again, pictures of the most startling magnificence. Imagine VANDYCK at his best, and VELASQUEZ at his more than best, to say nothing of PEARLS EL SOAP in the more inspired of his publicity-seeking moments! Imagine all this, and throw in more—such as local colouring and poetic sentiment—and yet you have not quite got the Spanish Exhibition!

Imagine a bull-fight. Imagine the Matadors and the gaily-dressed Cavaliers of the Circus. Imagine Spanish music of the most admirable kind, headed by the Bando El Garde, conducted by Lieutenant DAN EL GODFREYDO. Imagine the original Electric Light discovered by COLUMBUS, ages before gas was invented by GASCO DE GAMA. Imagine a fairy scene of wonderment and delight, with its gay lamps and illuminations, resembling El Vauxhall de Cremorna.

Imagine every possible distraction—theatres, concerts, cuts from the joint, drinks, dioramas, and earthquakes of Lisbon—and yet you have not imagined everything. Fancy picture galleries miles long, conservatories full of the choicest plants, lakes without equal at Windermere or Switzerland, and mountains that resemble as little Primrose Hill as they do the Alps.

Imagine all this, and much more (or less), and you yet have to imagine the contents of the Spanish Exhibition!

(Signed)

DON ONION THE HIDALGO.

SILVER SHEEN.—Last Thursday Sheen was *en fête* for the Silver Wedding of the Comte and Comtesse de PARIS. Many of the visitors were there for the first time, "not in a *pays de connaissance*," observed the witty and venerable Marquis de VIEUX-CALENDRE, "for it might as well have been *Un Voyage en Sheen*."



TRUSTWORTHY AUTHORITY.

Host. "MICHAEL, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO DECANT THE BEST CLARET?"
 Michael. "YOU DID, SORR." Host. "BUT THIS ISN'T THE BEST."
 Michael. "NO, SORR; BUT IT'S THE BEST YOU 'VE GOT!"

PER-VARSITY.

"Hereafter no Student can matriculate in the University of the Pacific, at San José, California, who uses tobacco in any form."—*Evening Paper.*

'Tis said the Yankee Undergrad
 Should be debarred his baccy;
 And forced to rank his "Head" a "crank,"
 And all his Tutors cracky;
 Yet that's the dismal case in the
 Pacific Universitee.

The modest cigarette is banned;
 They've quite tabooed cigars;
 And naughty triers of secret briars
 Are sent home to their Ma's;
 They rusticate like mad from the
 Pacific Universitee!

"Cut Cavendish!"—the Dons exclaim.
 "Hav'-ana weeds you mustn't!
 What? 'Nicotine assauge the spleen?'
 Oh, trust us that it doesn't!"
 A real "un-weeded garden," the
 Pacific Universitee!

"Pale students are made pale by pipes,"
 So say San José doctors;
 "All College men to rest by ten
 Must go," chime in the Proctors.
 They go—and smoke in bed in the
 Pacific Universitee!

Of Greek you may know less than ought,
 Latin less than you oughter,
 Be very rude, give "wines," get screwed,
 And then "screw up" up the Porter;
 Smoking's the only "Vice" in the
 Pacific Universitee!

By boycotting the "men's" cigars
 They've made a dreadful 'ash;
 This pedant's joke may "end in smoke,"
 But not in fame—or cash;
 Such is our Birdseye view of the
 Pacific Universitee!

Oh, English *Alma Matres*, pray
 Don't imitate San José;
 A fragrant weed is good indeed
 When intellects feel dosey.
 There'll be no Undergrads in the
 Pacific Universitee!

LADIES AND LOGIC.

LADY HARDMAN, Hon. Secretary of the Ladies' Grand Council of the Primrose League, speaking at the annual meeting of the Upminster Habitation,—is reported to have said, that "not for the wealth of all the Indies would she consent to enter into public life and political strife." This savours strongly of the "self-denying ordinance." Only one wonders in that case what are the functions of the Primrose League, which, if it does not enter into "political strife," has certainly been undeservedly complimented by Grand-Master SALISBURY, and others. Lady HARDMAN "trusted that the Dames of the Primrose League would never be confused in their minds with those ladies who entered into contested elections and mingled themselves in the strife of Party politics." (*Applause.*) Contested elections! Party politics! Dear, dear, and the world had been supposing that the Primrose League

"TO THE WEST!"

NEW GLADSTONIAN VERSION.

[MR. GLADSTONE, during the Whitsuntide recess, will conduct a political campaign in Devonshire and Cornwall.]

G. O. M. sings:—

To the West, to the West for a Whitsuntide spree,
 Where Devon and Cornwall jut out to the sea,
 Where the tired G. O. M. if he's willing to toil,
 May hope to ingather political spoil.

Where meetings are scarce, where my generous host
 My aid at political fireworks will boast,
 Where the mobs will exult whilst I spout, scorning rest;
 Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West, to the West, where my speeches will flow
 Like rivers of words, spreading wide as they go;
 Where Weymouth and Dartmouth shall stir at my call,
 And Torquay and Plymouth keep rolling the ball.

Where the steam-yacht of kind Mrs. ELIOT YORKE,
The Garland, shall waft me away to my work,
 Till Tintagel's truth I shall put to the test;
 Away, far away to the crowds of the West!

To the West, to the West; there are votes to be won,
 There's Home Rule to clear up, lots of work to be done.
 I'll try it, I'll do it; I'll never despair
 Whilst I've breath to orate or a moment to spare.

Poor Pat's independence my labours shall buy,
 Though CHAMBERLAIN swears that the game's all my eye
 Away, boys, away, let us hope for the best,
 And fight for Home Rule in the land of the West!

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Dear Sir, I have been looking about everywhere for an appropriate place where I may set up my Educational Establishment for Boys, in opposition to Dr. SWISH's Academy at Birchington. I have decided on going North, and settling at Middle Wallop. Please, let all parents know this. Yours, Dr. BIRCH.

Hi! Hi!!—Colonel MAPLESON's Acting Manager, Mr. HUY, quitted him. Does this mean No Huy prices? The Colonel ought to see his way better now than he did before, with only one HUY to look after everything.

was a Conservative organisation, and that its Dames were remarkably active in canvassing and its kindred duties at election times! Oh, what a surprise! Perhaps, after all, the lady-beloved League, with its 800,000 members, its Habitations, its badges, its Tory flatterers and Radical defamers, is only a great pastoral association for the culture of Primroses!

A little later, however, Lady HARDMAN seems—mark, *Punch* only says *seems*!—to let the political cat out of the Primrose bag. "The League was an educational movement, designed to counteract the inaccuracies—if they liked to use a stronger word she should not object—of the other side." *The other side!* Why that spoils it all. Arcadia vanishes at once, and the Primrose path becomes a party-road instant. The trail of the Caucus is over it all. "The Knights of the Primrose League had to fight, not with the lance of the olden time, but with the poisoned darts of gross inaccuracies and misrepresentation." This sounds equivocal,—but let that pass. Only is there no "political strife," no party militancy here? What more could a Lady of the naughty Liberal Federation itself do? Alas for the pastoral peacefulness of the Primroses! The League may be "an educational movement," but hardly in the direction of teaching logic to ladies.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE SUGAR BOUNTIES CONVENTION. — A "certain Convocation of politic Worms."—*Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene 3.

SCARCELY A DUMB ANIMAL.—A "Roarer."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE, FLOWERS AND HEALTH AND LOVE.



"These are endowments if we learn to prize them—
The wise man's treasures better worth than gold;
And none but fools and wicked men despise them."—C. MACKAY, LL.D.

LIFE'S RACE A BATTLE, NOT A VICTORY.
IN THE RACE OF THIS LIFE

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means—thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood, and over cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, says: "Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home, my household god; abroad, my vade mecum. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit pain—Richard is himself again.' So highly do I always value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits—'When Eno's Salt betimes you take, no waste of this elixir make; but drain the dregs and lick the cup of this the perfect pick-me-up.'—Jan. 2, 1886. To Mr. J. C. Eno."

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